ing coconuts, avocado pears, vanilla and other things in clearings he makes with the utmost of toil and battle; his skin is as brown as a native's; his food for weeks but theirs—plantains, taro, bread-fruit. He has been poor enough not to be able to buy a tin of dripping in which to fry bananas. He paints when he is not too physically tired, which is not often yet. He is alone except for a few natives and one white neighbour. When he makes in a month the wages of my Chinese cook, he counts himself a lucky man, and that he does by harvesting his banana or orange crop at great labour for the Papeete native market.

Yet he is more than a happy man. I think it is honestly true to say that he is glad he lost his fortune. He wants to visit and bid farewell to his old parents, but that will be his last willing truck with Europe. He has found what I dimly sense. He is not an extravagant poet or a wild

man of the woods ; he has not in any way ' gone native/ living with or on a native woman; he has not forgotten his education or lost his manners.

.But he has found something, he has been tested by something, he has been accepted by some-